



Through The Bushes



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Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

You can see a lot through the bushes.

No one can spot you while you peer through the thick leaves.

At least, that's what I thought.

Chapter 2 by Joshua



He knew. I could tell by his sideways glances at me, yet he didn't yell. His buddies stood around the campfire, laughing and telling stories. I waited and watched. They quieted down after he started looking in my direction. The second man looked at me too, and the third turned but was stopped by the first. They hushed their voices, and one reached for his musket. They were tense.

Calmly, quietly, I started to back up. Lying on the ground I slowly crawled backwards out of the bush. They had found me. I took stock of my situation. I'd have to run to the woods, maybe I could lose them there. They stood up, and all three were looking at the bush, but I wasn't there. I was a tree over a bush past the tree, and further still. They were searching for whatever was

there, but couldn't find it. I pressed on further into the woods, my job wasn't over yet.

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Chapter 3 by JM

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I could hear dry leaves cracking beneath their feet, and branches scraping against their jackets as they pursued me. My own movements were as silent as air, but that didn't prevent them from

finding my path. This was a land of Trackers and Hunters; they were linked with my people by something deeper than basic senses. Call it instinct or call it premonition, they could trail us no matter the circumstances.

Like dogs, they were often driven by compulsion. Did those men want to spend their night chasing after me? No, of course not. Neither did I intend for them to have seen me. We are slaves to circumstance, however, and though my timing is wrong I must now lead them into the Grove of Endings.

Chapter 4 by Eva



I quietly walked backwards. My heart was beating as loud as a drum I hoped they didn't hear it. I continued to hear their voices and they were getting louder and louder, closer and closer until... SNAP! Oh no!! I just had to fall over! I tried to scramble to my feet but for some reason it felt impossible to move. I was behind some sort of thorny bush with thick leaves that were impossible to see through. "That was close" I whispered to myself softly as the voices ceased.

Now he was able to crawl to I feet slowly. But as I stood up I felt a stab of pain. I looked down at my leg and saw a gash of blood. I sat back down firmly thinking the pain would stop. "I must get their attention again, I need to lead them to the Grove of Endings" I thought. I got to my feet once again and hobbled to a close by tree. I stood there now and again poking my head out from behind it to see if they were there. Finally I saw a tall man coming my way and close behind him were the same group of men who I had seen earlier around the camp fire. I had to make a run for it if there was any chance of leading them to the Grove of Endings. So I did. I heard shouting and the men were chasing me. I finally got to the place I had come for and I entered the rocky grave yard, I was in the Grove of Endings!

Chapter 5 by Mr. Cats



Its a great day to play on your phone then you forgot you were in the bathroom

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Chapter 6 by Windlion



My pursuers stopped shouting and I was taking urgently with each other, occasionally glancing over their shoulders at the stone tablets where I had hidden myself

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Their words meant nothing to me, but the meaning was clear -- should they go in one at a time, or rush in together? For the compulsion drew them, and they knew in their hearts that the sane choice was to turn back.

In the end, they chose the worst compromise; they all walked slowly in together. Not that it mattered.

Rising from their graves, startled out of their sleep by the tread of those who were not of our Tribe, the Ancestors leaped at them, tooth and claw, two or three at a time. The men screamed in fear -- briefly, before the terror drawn from their souls by the Ancestors burst their hearts!

All but one! The tall man, it seemed, was a sorcerer who fought back against the attacks, drawing arcane symbols made of lightning's fire in the air, The Ancestors leaped against the wall made of those symbols, but they were consumed by flashes of white fire that lit up the stones.

They were blocked from their prey and were being destroyed, yet they also could not turn back from the compulsion. Truly, I had failed my tribe, for I had brought to them the End of the Grove of Endings!

Chapter 7 by intellikat



"Jerry! You in there?"

I put the iPhone down in my lap and listened, still as the headstone of an Ancestor.

"If you're in there playing Grove of Endings again, I swear to god I'm going to call your parents and set up another meeting."

I held my breath and hoped he would go away.

"Get your fat ass out here on the court with a racquet in the next two minutes or I'm going to unhinge that door whether you're shitting or not and shove that goddamn iPhone up you pie-hole faster than an Ancestor rises from the grave. I'm serious. Jerry, you little punk!"

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Chapter 8 by Tricia L



Just a couple minutes more...

I turned back to my phone, put in the earbuds, and put my mind back on the game. It's not like Mr. McKinley could legally shove anything anywhere- he was just angry he had been surpassed by superior gaming.

I turned my attention back to the Grove. The sorcerer, by now, had completely destroyed it.

I crept up behind him, waiting to catch him off guard as he surveyed the graveyard, now truly dead. Without turning around, he grabbed my throat.

"Jerry, did you really think you could sneak up on me?" a familiar voice asked, and my blood ran cold.

Mr. McKinley.

the end

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